

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

A General Dictionary of Painters; containing Memoirs of the Lives and Works of the most eminent Professors of the Art of Painting, from its Revival, by Cimabue, in the Year 1250, to the present Time. By MATTHEW PILKINGTON, A. M. A new Edition, revised and corrected throughout, with numerous Additions, particularly of the most distinguished Artists of the British School. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1111. London, 1824.

No apology could be necessary for reprinting Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, as it has not only been long out of print, but the great progress the fine arts have made in this country alone, since it was published, has rendered a new edition, embracing the modern artists, necessary; to which may be added, the increased means of correcting any errors into which the author may have fallen, and the addition of such particulars as escaped his laborious research. These are points to which the editor of the new edition has been attentive. The articles in the former editions appear to have been carefully revised and corrected; the lives of several of the great masters have been rewritten; others have been enlarged; some redundancies of language have been pared down; and more than fourteen hundred names added to the original work.

When Mr. Pilkington, an ecclesiastic, who lived in a country parish in Ireland, completed his dictionary, the first of the kind in the English language, he could only discover between twenty and thirty British artists to incorporate in the body of his work, from the reign of Elizabeth to his own time: such, however, has been the advancement of the fine arts during the reign of the late king, and his successor, his present majesty, that, since Mr. Pilkington's time, 'the memoirs of more than one hundred natives of pre-eminent worth have been embodied in the general history of the art, out of which number might be mentioned fifty, at least, who stood in the very highest ranks in the respective departments of history, portrait, landscape, and animal painting.' On this subject we find a passage much to our purpose in the preface to the new edition. Alluding to Mr. Pilkington's writing his work, the writer says,—

It is somewhat remarkable that, while the author was thus employed in a retired situation, the Royal Academy in London was founded, which circumstance, no doubt, acted as a stimulus to the writer, who, with

great propriety, addressed his work to the president and members of that new and important institution. Of the necessity of such an establishment, a stronger proof, perhaps, need hardly be given, than what was to be found in this very dictionary, where, out of little more than twelve hundred names of artists, only twenty-one could be adduced to which Great Britain and Ireland had any proper claim, as natives; and, even of that insignificant number, which, as "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," appeared at distant intervals during three centuries, not more than five or six had any legitimate title to distinction. If, in contemplating this dreary waste, the eye occasionally caught and was gratified with a cheering spot, which, like the oasis in the sandy desert, afforded some relief, it gave no resting-place to the mind; for, though Henry VIII. patronized Holbein, and though Rubens and Vandyck were honoured and rewarded by the unfortunate Charles I., a dismal blank soon followed each of those periods;—

"Star after star went out, and all was night."

It is mortifying to reflect, that the Reformation, favourable as it was to the exercise of the human intellect, and the general cause of liberty, had, in this country, at least, a very chilling effect upon the state of the elegant arts. In the reign of Edward VI., images and pictures were not only ejected from the churches, but the people were publicly taught to hold in utter abhorrence all graphical representations of sacred objects. Queen Elizabeth went farther, and issued a decree for obliterating all such delineations on the walls of churches, by white-washing them, and inscribing sentences of holy writ in the room of these figures. When, about seventy years afterwards, the spirit of puritanism gained the ascendancy, and broke down all the barriers of the constitution, civil and ecclesiastical, the ornaments in the churches were among the first objects of spoliation and destruction. Hence the churches were converted into barracks for soldiers and stabling for horses; the costly monuments of the dead were stripped of their most valuable carved work; the highly ornamented fonts were carried away and profanely applied to the vile use of troughs for swine; in addition to which sacrilegious outrage, men were hired by the governing powers, at a daily stipend, to tear down crosses and images wherever they could be found, and to break in pieces the beautiful paintings in the windows of the churches; while, as the finishing stroke to the climax of icon-

oclastic fury, all pictures, without any regard to their beauty, having the figure of the Saviour of the world, or his Virgin Mother, were commanded to be destroyed by an express ordinance of Parliament!

In a country thus unfortunately overrun by fanaticism, the fine arts could not flourish; for who would devote his mind to a study which he saw brought with it nothing but contempt and poverty? Nor were the times that succeeded much more favourable to the cultivation of native talent in painting and sculpture; for though a few artists found occasional employment in and about the court, the chilling gloom of superstitious prejudice still continued to prevail in the nation at large, to such a degree, that had a genius equal to Raffaele himself then appeared in England, with nothing else to recommend him but his talents, he must have sought employment in a foreign clime, or starved in his own. A brighter prospect might have been expected after the revolution; instead of which, the arts rather lost than gained by the change, for the spirit of party absorbed every thing, and continued to do so, with scarcely any interruption, till the accession of his late Majesty to the throne produced a renovation of the national taste. Then the era of British genius in the fine arts began under his auspicious influence, and was fostered till it attained maturity of strength, by the personal encouragement of a monarch, who, during the whole of his long and eventful reign, manifested the warmest zeal for the interests of literature and science. The progress of painting, sculpture, and engraving in particular, was so rapid as to excite astonishment, especially when compared with the state of those arts in other countries, where, though they had long flourished, yet it was by a far slower process, from servile imitation to originality of conception, and from feeble expression to grandeur of invention.

Such having been the progress of the fine arts in England, a record of the artists who have thus contributed to place their country on a level with ancient and modern nations, can need no recommendation. To select any particular memoir would give an imperfect view of a work like Pilkington's Dictionary, the merit of which consists in its general correctness; from our inspection, it appears to have been done with care, though we confess we were surprised to find so many articles in an appendix, which ought to have been in the body of the work. With this

slight drawback, we can confidently recommend the new edition of this excellent work as worthy a place in every good library.

Physiological Views of the Structure, Functions, and Disorders of the Stomach and Alimentary Organs of the Human Body. With Observations on the Qualities and Effects of Food and Fermented Liquors, and on the Influence of Climate and Local Station. By THOMAS HARE, F. L. S. F. H. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 2 Edit. 8vo. pp. 368. London, 1824.

MEDICAL works are generally very dull and tedious productions, except to members of the profession; this arises not merely from the nature of the subject, but on account of the technical phraseology in which it is treated. Of late years, however, some professional men have condescended to write in language more easily understood, and a few medical treatises, which were formerly 'caviare to the million,' are rendered intelligible to general readers. Of this class is the work before us, and we perfectly agree with the observation of the able author in the preface to the first edition, that since the obscurities of technical phraseology would in no degree recommend a work to the more liberal and enlightened members of the profession to which it relates, efforts calculated to simplify the objects of the healing art should be put forth in language as little technical as possible.

Mr. Hare, like Mr. Abernethy, is of opinion that most disorders originate in the state of the stomach. It is, he says, 'the great regulator of the whole animal machine,—while unoffended it nourishes, if outraged it disorders.' He then proceeds to describe, in a familiar manner, the several organs connected with the stomach, its various functions, disorders, &c; and his work, which is not written for the profession merely, forms a valuable addition to the family library—or library of the nursery. He dwells at considerable length on the subject of food and fermented liquors, things with which every person is in some degree acquainted, and we therefore quote his account of the latter:—

'The most destructive class of fermented liquors, commonly known as spirits, are all to be regarded as modifications of alcohol or spirit of wine, more or less diluted, and flavoured with extraneous matters, according to the interests of caprice or avarice. In the stomach, they destroy its natural powers, and progressively those of every other alimentary organ. Separating from the common volume of circulating blood, their volatile parts undermine the sensorial powers, by collecting in the ventricles of the brain. The circulating system and the nervous system impaired by the use of them, the muscular powers fail; and all the infirmities of extreme age are prematurely incurred. Inordinate drinkers find their heads less and less readily affected by the exhilarating stimulus of spirituous liquors, as they continue to indulge in them, because, through the

enfeebled state of the stomach, they are more slowly received into the circulating blood; and because the circulation itself, being rendered by the same cause progressively more languid, requires more powerful stimulants to excite it.

'Wines may be classed next to ardent spirits, with regard to the mischief induced on the living system by the abuse of them.

'They all contain a combination of ardent spirit, the proportion of which depends on the degree of fermentation they have undergone, according to the greater or less saccharine qualities of the fruits from which they have been made, the proportion of saccharine material being greatly influenced by climate, soil, and culture; and the degree of acid they possess, by the mode, as well as the degree of fermentation to which they have been submitted, and the interval of time after which they have been bottled. Further, some little space is observable in all bottles. That space is, of course, originally occupied by air, which, besides influencing the deposition of extractive matter, is also an additional cause of acidity. However assiduously wine-bottles may be corked and sealed, a great part of the spirit contained in the wine will escape in the course of time, by reason of its subtilty; and hence it is, in a great measure, that wines which have been long in bottle are of milder flavour, and less mischievous quality, than those which have not had the advantage of time. The evaporating spirit partly appears to mix with the resinous matter of the seal; and hence the wax is softened after some length of time. It seems that no ordinary glass is of texture sufficiently dense to retain altogether the volatile spirit contained in wine; and moreover, the acid of many wines is sufficient to occasion a partial decomposition of common glass. The cork has sometimes more aroma than the wine contained in the bottle. Thus time appears to render wine less spirituous and volatile, except under particular circumstances. Spirits in general are more powerful under low temperatures: and therefore the same kinds differ as to strength in cold weather and in hot. The weight of cold air and cold temperature is adequate to lessen, if not greatly to suppress, the volatility of alcohol and aroma in all wines.

'The carbonic acid which gives life and freshness to fermented liquors in general, is likewise suppressed by very low temperatures. Hence the advantage of placing certain wines, as well as bottled porter and cyder, for a few minutes before the fire in cold weather, for the purpose of calling the fixed air into action.

'The weight of external cold limits the evaporation of internal air of a higher temperature; and hence it is that cellars and natural caverns are warmer than the surrounding atmosphere in winter. In summer, on the contrary, while the external air is warm, the air contained in masses of mineral matter is so slowly evaporated, that a body of air existing in a cavern, or in a deeper or thick-walled cellar, has the advantage of maintaining itself cool for a length

of time; and the temperature of such places accordingly varies in proportion to the porosity of their surrounding masses.

'The circumstance is further observable in cathedrals, and other massive buildings; for example, St. Paul's in London, St. Peter's at Rome. The Monte Testaccio near the latter city, which is formed entirely of broken pottery from the ruins of ancient Rome, and which in the progress of time has become covered with alluvial matter and turf, is among the best illustrations of this fact. It is accordingly a celebrated depository for wine; and in the overpowering heats of a Roman summer, is an evening resort of the languid Italians for the luxury of a cool drink. "Ognun sa," says Vasari, "che l'uso de'vasi di terra era frequentissimo in Roma, adoprandosi per conservare le acque, i vini, gli oli, le ceneri de'morti, e per infiniti altri usi: onde non è difficile a credere, chel nel corso di tanti secoli, si sia formato un monte dell' altezza di palmi 240 circa et di 740 di circonferenza. La proprietà mirabile di questo monte è, che nell'estate esce da' frammenti, nella parte infima, un vento freddissimo; e perciò vi sono state fatte molte grotte, nelle quali il vino viene notabilmente rinfrescato."

'The richness of wines is in proportion to the saccharine matter they retain after fermentation; and they are of thin acidifying quality, in proportion as this constituent is less abundant. The tartar which is formed in wine casks and bottles is an acid concrete salt, derived from the juice of the fruit; the colour of it, as well as of the wine, being derived from the skins. Hence, colourless wines are sometimes made from red grapes, by using such a degree of pressure only as is sufficient for separating their pulp without depriving the skin of its colour. The tartar of wine is a supertartrate of potash; and, when purified, constitutes common cream of tartar. The separation of tartar from the body of the wine is another cause of old wine being milder than new.

'Besides brandy, and similar spirits, the materials employed for adulterating wines previous to their importation, do not appear so mischievous as prejudice has represented; many of them being perfectly harmless: for example, to communicate flavour to certain kinds of claret, and other light wines, it is not uncommon to suspend a nosegay in the cask for a limited time, sometimes consisting of different flowers, sometimes of one kind only: as mignonette, or the blossoms of particular fruits; those of the grape itself not being unfrequently used. Bitter almonds may be classed among the harmless matters of this kind, since about two ounces are considered sufficient for imparting the desired flavour to a cask of wine. Next to these, peach leaves are used with a similar view: but they are far more objectionable, as are also the husks of walnuts, which, besides the walnuts themselves, are among the matters employed to this end.

'Much more has been said of the free way in which acetate of lead is used in the manufacture of wines than can generally be

supported by fact. Menting wines is not attention; that the favourable circumstances attending much influence proportion as it will be acid and proportion as it is years, moreover used in such a recting errors that it cannot ex- ties on the alim- gently been a- effects have resu- head upon the sto- of wine, it far- that the injury r- prehensible pra- washing the bott- me knows, are v- am, to become c- in the wine: and- experience differ- from three or fo- acid qualities a- state.

'The dangero- frequently obse- mostly made a- native soil, the- tion of port wi- of all. Sloe-ju- ment, which of- in every way c- and this perhap- The common pr- wine are exceed- generally a tonic- readily promot- of the stomach,- nicates to the- pulse which ca- contractions; t- lodgment of- far, of course,- ties are not to- haps, is so m- keeping as por- been stated: a- to regard it as- stomachs, unti- years; but fo- still better. I- gretted that po- able, and exclu- it would be w- went hand in h- objectionable.

'Ardent spi- seem to be a- liberty to shen- advantage whi- over other w- sherry, when- considerable p- tion is not s- objectionable- moderately a- stances it is- fermentation- other wine v-

supported by facts. The process of fermenting wines appears to require very minute attention; and it may be remembered, that the favourable and unfavourable circumstances attending it, are necessarily much influenced by the season; for, in proportion as it is rainy and cold, the fruit will be acid and watery; and saccharine in proportion as it is warm and genial. It appears, moreover, that the acetate of lead is used in such a very cautious way, for correcting errors through causes of this kind, that it cannot exert such mischievous qualities on the alimentary system as have frequently been ascribed to it. Where ill effects have resulted from the influence of lead upon the stomach, through the medium of wine, it far more commonly happens, that the injury may be ascribed to the reprehensible practice of using shots for washing the bottles, some of which, as every one knows, are very apt to lodge in the bottom, to become oxidated, and thus dissolved in the wine: and different wines of course experience different degrees of influence from three or four shots according as their acid qualities are in a more or less active state.

The dangerous adulterations of wine, too frequently observable at first sight, are mostly made after importation from its native soil, the trash used for the fabrication of port wine being among the grossest of all. Sloe-juice is a prevailing constituent, which of itself is acrid, irritating, and in every way obnoxious to the stomach: and this perhaps is not the worst ingredient. The common prejudices in favour of port wine are exceedingly mistaken. That it is generally a tonic, I deny; for no wine more readily promotes an acetous fermentation of the stomach, which fermentation communicates to the intestines that kind of impulse which causes flatulence and partial contractions; thereby favouring the undue lodgment of feculent matter; and thus far, of course, its reputed astringent qualities are not to be denied. No wine, perhaps, is so much benefited by very long keeping as port, for the reasons which have been stated: and I should not be disposed to regard it as suited to the use of delicate stomachs, until it has been kept at least ten years; but fourteen or fifteen would be still better. It is by no means to be regretted that port wine is become unfashionable, and excluded from polite tables: and it would be well if chemistry and fashion went hand in hand for the rejection of more objectionable alimentary objects.

Ardent spirits, and in particular brandy, seem to be added with almost boundless liberty to sherry, thereby setting aside the advantage which it would otherwise possess over other wines: for although the best sherry, when unadulterated, possesses some considerable portion of spirit, yet that portion is not sufficiently powerful to become objectionable when the wine is genuine and moderately aged; under which circumstances it is less apt to promote morbid fermentation of the stomach than any other wine whatever: and I am satisfied,

by repeated experiments, that a less quantity of alkaline or earthy matter is required to neutralize its acid in the stomach, than that of any other wine; the acid quality of wine being often more mischievous than the spirituous, since the former will disorder a weak stomach more readily than the latter; unless the latter be of undue proportion, or the wine drunk to excess. Next to sherry in this particular advantage, I am led by investigation to place Madeira; and these are the most accessible wines of this country which I consider generally eligible for weak and flatulent organs of digestion.

A great variety of experiments on the other white wines, which it is not necessary to detail, convince me that they are all, by far, more readily acidifiable. The rich wines of Malaga, and others of Spain and Portugal, besides some of Persia, are included in this remark; although they are now and then admissible under the advantages of due age and discriminate use.

Medicated wines were formerly in high estimation as stomachics and corroborants. Wine-bitters, as they are called, because a certain portion, scarcely a third, is commonly mixed with a glass of white wine, are still used with this view in the East and West Indies, particularly before dinner. They are in reality spirituous infusions of various vegetable bitters, and more or less resemble the compound tincture of gentian which is used in medicine.

The most elegant and most wholesome wine of the medicated class, is the Vermuti of Florence, and some other parts of Tuscany, which is really excellent according to the Italian recommendation, "*per consolare lo stomaco*." Certain mild aromatics and Ligers, of which sweet wormwood, whence its name, constitutes a small portion, are infused ten days or a fortnight in a bland and saccharine white wine. If infused much longer, the flavour becomes too powerful. Under proper management, it is not only to be preferred for luncheon, but is even more eligible for breakfast than bad tea or bad coffee made with the unwholesome water which is but too common in Italy. The monks of St. Francis at Fiesoli, are famous for the manufacture of this wine: and it is only in towns not very distant from Florence that it is at all genuine. In other parts of Italy, Vermuti is a very different thing; and the vulgar imitations of it which are exported from Marseilles under the same name, do not even resemble it.

The ordinary Florence wines of the table are extremely pleasant, clear to the palate, and inoffensive to the stomach: and though Aleatico and Chianti, produced in the same district, are made more account of, they are by no means more grateful either on account of flavour or wholesome quality. These severally are red wines, the grapes of which are allowed to ferment previous to their being pressed. Monte Alciano, a wine of the same country, is a vapourish sort of champagne having a muscadine flavour; but very unfit for weak stomachs.

Of the wines produced in the environs

of Naples, Lacryma Christi, whether red or white, is a pleasant and wholesome wine; having a mild bitter flavour derived from the volcanic soil which constitutes the vast plain of Campania; though the grapes preferred above all are those cultivated in the more recent beds of *puzzolana*, or volcanic ashes at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and especially at Pompeia, from which district they furnish the best still wine of Italy. If the Falernian wine of the classics was similar to that so called in Campania at this time, it was more appropriately an object for satire than a standard of excellence. The Falernian of the present day is of a rich purple, rather full body, somewhat the flavour of Lacryma Christi, but infinitely stronger, and readily affecting the head. St. Euphenia is a wine of much the same general character. The island of Ischia produces wines of moderate body; mild, saccharine, grateful, and inoffensive.

Of the Sicilian wines, more particularly so distinguished, that commonly known as Marsala, may probably be classed first in point of fitness for delicate stomachs. When of good quality and moderate age, it is certainly one of the most eligible white wines of the table. Syracuse is a pallid sweet wine, approaching that of Frontignan, but altogether inferior to it.

The various modifications of Burgundy and of claret are among the most harmless wines, provided they have the advantage of moderate age and favourable vintage: but in France, where they are the ordinary beverage of the table, they are used, by far, too early. Hence it is that their effects are so often complained of by the English traveller, and certainly not without reason; since in this state they are apt to disorder the most healthy stomachs; while, under proper circumstances, they are so far preferable to the wines in more general use in this country, that it is much to be regretted they are not rendered more easy of access to the middle classes of society.

Among others of the continental wines eligible for the table may be named Bourdeaux, both red and white, Grave, Sauterne, Moselle, with many more of the *rassis* and *reposé* kind: and as accompaniments of a nutritious diet, the muscadines of Lunel and Frontignan, both of which, in this point of view, are preferable to the extravagant Tokay of Hungary.

The wines of Champagne are not suited to habits that are disposed to flatulence: and the successful imitations of them which are made from unripe gooseberries are still more objectionable, not only on the same occasion, but from their still more readily affecting the head. Of the brisk sparkling wines, perhaps that of Asti in Piedmont, is the very best.

Wines made from currants, raspberries, and other English fruits, very materially weaken the tone of the stomach, inducing a languid fermentation, with general torpor, flatulence, and depression of animal spirits, particularly with persons who use but little bodily exercise. Elder wine does not so readily ferment in the stomach, because it

is commonly used hot; but it is considerably narcotic, and its effects on the head do not readily pass off. The domestic *vin cuit* of France is made from the newly expressed juice of the grape, submitted to a moderate heat until it acquires a rich body, and is used by way of *soulagement*, much in the same way as elder wine is used in England. Cowslip wine is perhaps among the most inoffensive of the home-made wines; but its use should be very limited. Mead readily promotes acid, with a troublesome sense of internal fulness and distention. In short, all the common domestic English wines are calculated to derange the alimentary organs at large.

Cyder and perry, having more mucilage, do not intoxicate so soon as wine; but they are injurious to weak stomachs, by the distention they readily occasion, and the flushings and feverishness which follow, their sugar and mucilage inducing acetous fermentation. Perry, however is, in general points of view, far more harmless than cyder. The very alarming affections of the stomach and bowels, which arise from an imprudent use of the newly expressed juice of the apple, and which are not unfrequent during the cyder-making season, in various parts of England, resemble closely those which are occasioned by the fumes of lead in smelting-houses. If lead be concerned in any part of the apparatus employed in the process of cyder-making, the malic acid is sufficient to decompose readily a portion of the lead, and form with it a noxious combination. In fine, the volatile matter of decomposed lead is apt to affect house-painters in a similar manner; and the disease is accordingly known as the *painter's cholera*. In either case, it is dangerous to life.

Beer is the most powerful of the malt liquors, because it is not used until the saccharine matter, with which the malt abounds, has undergone a complete vinous fermentation; while ale, besides having a less proportion of malt and hops, is used when fresh, and before it can have acquired a strong vinous spirit. It is therefore refreshing in moderation, without readily intoxicating; and in a genuine state, is the wholesomest of all fermented drinks. Table beer is, in general, a mere infusion of the refuse grain, after its sugar and mucilage have been nearly abstracted to make ale. It soon becomes vapid, after a slight fermentation; and is in every state unsuited to weak stomachs. Porter cannot be used with impunity where the tone of the stomach is not the most vigorous, and, when adulterated, seriously affects the head, from the narcotic matters which are commonly used in the manufacture of it.

Some Account of the Life of the late Gilbert Earle, Esq. Written by himself. 8vo.

PERHAPS we ought to commence this article by apologizing to our readers for having so long delayed to notice one of the most interesting and fascinating volumes that we ever perused; a volume fraught with the most exquisite and the truest pathos, and

with a sad but too faithful estimate of human life,—one which it is impossible to read without emotion, or to lay down without regret that it contains no more, although it is calculated to leave a painful and almost oppressive feeling of melancholy. We pretend not to say how far it is or is not a work of fiction, but the touches of feeling and of keen observation with which it abounds, bear the impress of nature and truth. They are indeed—

‘Warm from the life and breathing from the soul,’

and are fraught with nearly the same intensity of passion and happy delineation as those admirable papers in Blackwood's Magazine, which bear the signature of Charles Edwards.

In a well-written preface, the editor informs us that it is the auto-biography of a deceased friend. This may or may not be a piece of literary mystification, but the work itself bears internal evidence of its being a transcript of actual feelings; nor do we make any doubt but that real events have furnished the ground-work at least of the volume. There is little incident or character in these fragments, but they abound in rich studies, and in almost every page display a striking originality of thought. The story may be told in a few words: Gilbert Earle, the son of an independent country gentleman, goes over in early life to India: here he becomes enamoured of a woman of exquisite beauty and mental endowments, but the wife of a man utterly undeserving of her. An illicit connection takes place, shortly after which the husband dies; Gilbert now becomes the legal possessor of his adored Eleanor, but his promised cup of honey turns to rankling gall. Eleanor sinks under her own self-reproaches, for having deviated from the path of rectitude, and dies,—an event that blasts the happiness of Gilbert for ever. At length, after an absence of five and twenty years, he returns to his native land a blighted man, and, instead of finding in the home of his early youth the pleasures which he had once enjoyed, he meets with the bitterest and most painful contrasts and recollections.

His attachment to Eleanor is depicted with all the energy of passion; yet those who may take up the book in the hope of meeting with warm details and with highly-coloured scenes—in short, with that which may gratify an impure imagination, will be disappointed. They will, on the contrary, learn how little the indulgence of illicit passion contributes to happiness, and with what pangs and remorse it may embitter after-life. The moral of the story is indeed most impressive, at the same time that it is inculcated in an unaffected manner. It may, perhaps, be objected by some very scrupulous persons, that the work is so far dangerous, inasmuch as it exhibits the example of a woman breaking her marriage vow while she retains her purity of mind; but with every thing to extenuate her conduct, she dies the victim of remorse: no female, therefore, could be induced to

err by such an example. The danger, if there is any, is, that the delicacy and self-reproach of the heroine is carried to such an extent as to be highly improbable; her subsequent repentance, therefore, loses its efficacy as a warning to others. After all, too, nothing but gross ignorance or overstrained prudery could object to the work as dangerously seductive; for Heaven help those whose purity or virtue is not proof against stronger assaults and temptations. They must never study human life, except in an *editio expurgata*.

We shall, however, pass over the somewhat episodic narrative of Gilbert's attachment to Eleanor, and introduce him to the reader on his return to his native land. The following touching and pathetic delineation of his feelings on that occasion, show how deeply the writer himself must have experienced similar ones. There is also considerable tact and skill in making Gilbert's regrets not to arise from any extraordinary change of outward circumstances, but from the changes inevitably produced by time: for, by this means, the personal interest is extended to all readers, since no one can hope to escape that which is one of the conditions of human existence:—

‘Meeting, after long absence, with those dear to us, is said to be one of the highest enjoyments of human existence. To me it proved one of the saddest moments of a sad life. Revisiting the scenes of our childhood is also accounted a great, though a melancholy pleasure;—my return to them was even more bitter than my departure had been. During the long and dreary years which I had passed in India, the thoughts of home had been the food on which my soul had lived. The hope of one day being restored to it—of being again united to the dear ones who dwelt there—had supported me under the martyrdom of the heart, which is caused by long banishment. At length the time was come to which I had looked, unvaryingly, for five and twenty years. I embarked for England; and, as our voyage lessened before us, my heart expanded with the near accomplishment of long-deferred hope. During the last week of the passage, I felt sickening impatience for the sight of land. Our course had been rapid till within a few days' sail of England, when we met with baffling winds, which increased my eagerness to a painful pitch. I used to pace the deck during the first watch with the officer until he was relieved, and listen with engrossing interest to his stories of the usual circumstances of approaching England—of the chances of wind at the entrance of the channel—of the pilot coming on board—of running up to the Downs—of all the minutiae, in short, with which the close of his different voyages had been varied. This man and his fellows looked happily forward to reaching home; but how different were their feelings from mine! They looked to the recurrence of a periodical pleasure: I felt the condensed intensity of long years of hope.

‘On the morning that we did make land, I was awakened by my servant with the

the danger, if efficacy and self-carried to such a probable; her before, loses its ers. After all, ance or over- et to the work Heaven help e is not proof temptations. n life, except over the some- Gilbert's at- roduce him to is native land, ethetic deline- occasion, show self must have There is also a making Gil- in any extraor- circumstances, ably produced the personal lers, since no which is one stance:— ce, with those of the highest e. To me it ents of a sad of our child- though a me- to them was parture had dreary years the thoughts on which my one day being united to the ad supported of the heart, ishment. At which I had and twenty nd; and, as my heart ex- plishment of the last week g impatience rse had been l of England, ds, which in- ful pitch. I e first watch elieved, and to his stories approaching and at the en- pilot coming e Downs—of th which the ad been va- looked hap- e; but how from mine of a period- sed intensity make land, nt with the

findings that we were close in shore. My cabin was on the seaward side of the ship, so, as I looked from the port-hole, I saw only the green waves dancing and glittering in the breeze and sunshine of a summer morning: but the waves *were* green—and I blessed the colour, as assuring our nearness to land, and that land my own. I was speedily dressed and on deck. We were running rapidly up Channel with a brisk westerly breeze—and the green hills of the Devonshire coast stretched away a-head and a-stern of us as far as the eye could reach. It so happened that it was this very part of the coast which I had seen last, when I was leaving England nearly six and twenty years before. My last look of my native country was at one of these very hills, in the cold dull light of a November evening. I now saw it again in all the glory of sunlight and of summer, and with the feeling of return, instead of departure, at my heart: and yet with these causes, both physical and inward, for joyous sensation, I question whether my feelings were not less sad on the former occasion than now. It was true I was then quitting my country—my friends—my home—all those charities which entwine themselves with the heart-strings in a manner never to be unravelled, and which caused mine to strain almost to breaking as I left them. But to these pangs, many and bitter as they were, I had that all-powerful antidote—the buoyancy of a youthful spirit;—that false vision of early days, which, like a Claude Lorraine glass, throws a warm tint of richness and of pleasure over every scene, however melancholy and unhopeful its reality may be. Now my years of trial were past, and the moment was come to which I had always looked for repayment for all I underwent. But it found me changed, as all men must be, by the lapse of years—and suffering, as it is to be hoped all do not suffer, under the pain of bitter recollection. My heart was chilled with the retrospect of an unhappy life—and my joy for what was, was lost in my regret for what might have been. I felt, too, what all men must feel who pass the greater and better part of their life in present pain for the hope of future happiness. I felt that now, when it was at last within my grasp, I had but few and declining years to enjoy it.

But this was only the foretaste of the pain my return home was to cause me. I landed at Southampton, and, without going to London, travelled post across the country to my father's. It was in the month of July, and at the close of the day, as my chaise wound slowly up the hill, from the top of which I knew I should see my father's house. For the last few miles, the country had been becoming familiar to me, and I now recognised every spot which we passed. I saw the wood where I shot my first pheasant, and the cover where the hounds met on the day I was first out hunting; and I recollected the pride of my young heart at being allowed to mingle in the sports of grown men. But even here there was change—even the face of the

country was not as I left it: how must, I thought, the human faces which I loved, have altered in the same period! In the place of a wild heath, of which the cover I have mentioned formed part, there were ploughed fields, trim hedge-rows, and a line of cottages which bore no mark of recent erection. The cover itself was railed in, and seemed kept as a preserve. All the free nature of the scene was lost; and, in my present mood, I thought it ill exchanged; even for the smiling fertility which occupied its place. When we reached the top of the hill, the well-remembered scene of my childhood burst upon my sight. In all the long and painful years which had passed since I last looked on it, that spot had remained green and fresh at the bottom of a blighted heart—uneffaced by time—unchanged by sorrow. As it burst at once upon me now, my heart swelled with unutterable feelings—I threw myself back in the carriage, and wept aloud.—Who that has shed tears upon a like occasion will deny them to be those of unequalled bitterness.

The chaise proceeded rapidly down the hill, and passed through the village, which straggles to about half a mile from the park gate. We passed many labourers returning from their work, and saw numberless loiterers, of all ages and both sexes, who ran out at the sound of the wheels to see the carriage go by. But in not one of these people did I recognise a known face: the young had been born during my absence—and the old were changed beyond all remembrance. I was changed myself; for no eye now lighted up with the joy of recognition, or beamed on me to welcome my return. The woman who came out at the porter's lodge to open the gates, looked into my outstretched face as at that of a stranger; and as I passed into my father's gates, I felt that I was an alien among my kindred—a stranger in my home.

It was now that I first felt the full force of the change which had taken place in me, and in those to whom I was returning; and I began to have misgivings as to how I might appear to them, and they to me. It is true that I had kept up a constant intercourse with my family by letters, but what are letters at a distance of thirteen thousand miles, and during an absence of a quarter of a century? Can a letter set the writer before you, and show the silent work of time upon his person? Can a letter, however affectionate, equal those little daily offices of kindness, which sink farther into the heart than even the greatest acts of friendship—as the continual dropping of water upon a stone makes the deepest impression? Can a letter convey the half-word, the passing look of tenderness?—or be unto us a watcher in sickness—a consoler in sorrow—a companion in enjoyment,—as he who wrote it would have been? Alas! No;—when absence exceeds a certain time, and when, added to this, months of distance intervene, letters may indeed—

—waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," but they will but feebly make known the

daily life and feelings of correspondents to each other. They are as unsubstantial and imperfect in comparison with actual intercourse, as are the shadows of physical objects with the forms which cause them.

My fears on this head were but too truly accomplished. When I drove up to the house, my sister was waiting on the steps to receive me, and in a moment I was in her arms. When, after some time, we drew back to gaze upon each other, there was indeed cause for pain. We could not expect that we should be unchanged:—we knew that Time must have done his usual work;—but still we lived in each other's recollection just as we had parted, and the reality was scarcely the less sad from its having been in a great degree foreseen. The same smile, indeed—a smile never to be forgotten—still played in my sister's eye and lip; but the eye was sunken and the lip grown thin,—and the smile itself was sadder and more aged, like the frames and hearts of both of us. The full blooming cheek was grown hollow and pale; and the luxuriant and beautiful hair, for which my sister had been remarkable, was entirely hidden—if, indeed, it still remained—by the widow's cap, which she had worn ever since her husband's death. This, and the gown of dark grey,—which was likewise, I found, her constant attire,—completed the contrast with the light-hearted, brilliant, blooming, beautiful girl whom I had left. For myself, I believe I was sufficiently changed also. My period of absence had been passed under a burning sun, and my figure and my face bore ample marks of its corroding influence. All the mental suffering, too, which I had undergone, had given aid to the work of climate. I had left home a tall, florid, athletic boy of eighteen: I returned a withered worn-out man of forty-five—thin even to leanness—and my whole frame nerveless and relaxed. My cheek was of that yellow waxen colour, which long dwelling in a burning climate gives—and my white hairs were fast outnumbering those which retained their original darkness. My sister and I read in each other's looks the shock we had mutually received, and we walked silently together into the house.

Here I was to experience a meeting still more bitter. I knew that my father had sunk almost into second childhood; but I had no expectation of finding his imbecility so complete. He was seated in an easy chair near the window, which reached to the ground, that he might enjoy the mild and grateful warmth of a July sun-set. His limbs were wrapped in flannels, and he was supported by pillows on either side. His head shook tremulously—his eye was vacantly fixed—and his jaw drooped in the extremity of dotage. This miserable wreck, which humanity could scarcely look at without a feeling of degradation, was all that remained of the hale and handsome man whom I had quitted—it was all that time and sorrow had spared of my father!—Our entrance attracted his attention, and he looked with surprise on *the stranger*!—"Set a chair for the gentleman," he muttered, al-

most mechanically; "perhaps he would like to take something after his journey." My heart swelled almost to bursting at this completion of my return home. This was what I had looked to so fondly and so long; and now, what was it but bitterness and sorrow? My sister saw my distress; and, going to my father, tried to make him comprehend who I was. "I am glad to see him," was the only answer which could be got from him. He made it mechanically—evidently totally unconscious of all which passed before him—his eye unmeaning—his words dreamingly spoken—and his whole aspect that of the last flickerings of the flame of life before it sank out for ever.

We do not remember ever to have met with a *trait* more masterly, and more full of pathos, than the heart-touching imbecility of the aged father, where he exclaims, 'Set a chair for the gentleman.' But the whole is full of nature; nor is the effect the less happy, because there is no exaggeration or pretension. How greatly superior is it in this respect to almost every thing of the German school; than which nothing can be more lack-a-daisical, fantastic, and stilted. The sentimentality of the latter is frequently pushed to such an extreme as to make us laugh. It is the very burlesque of feeling and passion, and as extravagant and outrageous as if, by way of a *coup de theatre*, a tragedian, at the end of a pathetic speech, should ring water out of his pocket-handkerchief, on the stage. The fact is, it is easier to blubber than to weep; and, accordingly, for one writer that can affect the heart by simple pathos, there are a hundred who run into all kinds of silly extravagances, merely because they do not feel. The extract we have already given would be sufficient to exhibit the writer's great ability; we cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of returning again to this work, for the purpose of commenting upon some of the views which the author has taken of human life and society.

Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century: a View of the Civil, Political, and Moral State of that Country; with a Sketch of the History of Italy under the French; and a Treatise on Modern Italian Literature. By A. VIEUSSEUX. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 660. London, 1824.

We were the first to do justice to the talents and impartiality of M. Vieussieux, when, three years ago, he published a volume of letters on Italy and the Italians, which he has since amplified and improved into the work before us. We saw that he had directed his attention to what travellers are too apt to neglect, an inquiry into the moral state of the inhabitants in the various states of Italy, who differ very widely, though frequently confounded as of one common description of character. Many circumstances concurred to render the circulation of the former work limited, when a fire destroyed the only copies remaining, a circumstance not to be regretted, since it has urged the author to amend it so considerably. This he has been enabled to

do, by revisiting Italy in 1821 and 1822; and he has introduced whole descriptive chapters, from materials collected during his journey; he has also added an historical sketch of the various governments in the north of Italy, under the French, and a valuable treatise on modern Italian literature.

M. Vieussieux has not been inattentive to the antiquities of Italy, though he has not dwelt on them at length, save those of Naples, which are less known than others. Of the political situation of Italy, he gives an honest account, and feels as every native of this delightful clime must feel at its humiliation. The author makes an apology for his style, which is not necessary, for, although he is a foreigner, he writes the English language better than many natives. Mr. V. commences with a contrast between the south and north of Italy, and then proceeds to Naples, which he describes minutely, observing, that 'the sketches Mrs. Radcliffe gives of the scenery in her novel of the Italian are beautifully true to nature.' The first city mentioned by historians as having existed on this spot was of Greek origin, and called Paleopolis. A new Greek colony was afterwards formed in its immediate neighbourhood, and called Neapolis, or New Town, which still forms a considerable district of the metropolis:—

'The street of Toledo, which runs across the city for three-quarters of a mile, is the principal street in Naples, although not exactly in a straight line, nor sufficiently broad in proportion to its length. It begins from a fine semi-circular largo or square, called Dello Spirito Santo, and ends at the Largo San Ferdinando before the king's palace. This fine street was built by a Spanish viceroy of the same name, who predicted that it would become the most frequented part of the city, as it has happened in effect. It is always crowded to excess with people, carriages, horses, donkeys, &c., and being, like all other streets, destitute of foot pavements, is rendered very uncomfortable, especially for pedestrians. The number of retailers selling provisions and goods of every description in the street; the people working and cooking in front of the shops, which, for the benefit of the air, are mostly open; the quantity of *curricoli* or gigs, drawn by little spirited horses, and driving furiously along; the swarms of vagrants and beggars infesting the place at all hours;—all these mixed with the gay and splendid equipages of the nobility; the appearance of well-dressed females at the balconies; the elegance of the numerous coffee and ice shops, exhibit an *ensemble* of contrast, confusion, and bustle, to which I have seen nothing equal in any other part of Europe. The naturally clamorous habits of the Neapolitans are strengthened by the continual noise, which obliges them to vociferate loudly, in order to be heard even by their immediate companions. With all this, Toledo affords a very curious appearance to a stranger by the variety of motley groups with which it is thronged: priests in black; friars in white and grey; officers in gay military uniforms; *paglietti*, or lawyers, in

their professional costumes; sober citizens dressed in suits of a variety of colours, blue, green, brown, yellow, and grey; women in the old Neapolitan *manto*, a black silk gown and hood; others in the modern costume, which they have adopted from the French; those of the lower class, either with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, or with the Sicilian *peddeme*, a piece of calico thrown loosely over the head and shoulders; and half-naked *lazzaroni* having no other garment but merely their shirts and trousers. I can hardly think myself in a civilized country, but feel as though transported to some of the European settlements on the coast of Africa. Toledo is adorned by many palaces, although most of them not of the best architectural taste; the principal ones are those of Maddaloni, Angri, Stigliano, Cavalcanti, Berio, and others.

'The new structure erected for the bank of the two Sicilies, and for the finance or treasury offices, is remarkably elegant. Very inferior inhabitations, however, scattered here and there, form a disagreeable contrast to the splendour of the neighbouring piles.

'The finest part of the city of Naples, is, without question, along the quay from the Castel dell'Uovo to the western extremity towards Posilipo. The range of buildings which lines one side of the quay, is composed, with very few exceptions, of elegant modern structures, whose stuccoed exteriors, white or yellow, contrasted with the spacious iron balconies and green venetian blinds, form a brilliant *coup d'œil*, seen from the bay. In front of them, for the space of nearly a mile along the sea-shore, runs the Villa Reale, a beautiful walk, consisting of several avenues of trees, adorned with fountains, stone benches, and marble statues. But the principal beauty of that delightful spot consists in its unrivalled situation, commanding a view of the whole bay. When the trees are in full blossom, it realizes all that imagination can conceive of this kind. This walk was considerably extended and improved by Joachim Murat. Towards the middle of it, there is a small projection running into the sea, secured with an iron railing, and surrounded with seats, so as to make a pretty terrace; the idea of this improvement was suggested, I am told, by a German princess who lately visited Naples. In the middle of the central avenue is placed the famous group of the Toro Farnese, or Farnesian Bull, formerly in the gallery belonging to the family of that name at Rome, to whose inheritance the King of Naples succeeded. This group represents Amphion and Zethus binding their step-mother Dirce to the horns of a wild bull. The Toro Farnese and the statue of Hercules, which is now at the Museum of Gli Studi, formed the chief value of that gallery. The first-mentioned group was injured in the carriage, and restored by modern hands. The head of the bull is peculiarly fine.'

During Lent, preachers are appointed to the several churches to deliver a sermon daily, on the most important subjects of religion and morality, with what success may

perhaps be judged by the following extract:

As for the common sermons that one hears on Sundays in the churches of Naples, they do not give, in general, a great idea of the learning and oratorical powers of the Neapolitan clergy. The orators either belittle themselves in attempting to explain wider themselves the mysteries of our religion (such as a preacher I heard in the church of Lo Spirito Santo, who, in order to render the idea of Trinity intelligible to his audience, employed comparisons drawn from the ancient mythology of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto); or, if they preach upon morality, they often enter into details either indelicate or degenerating into the burlesque. One of them preaching before a numerous audience, chiefly composed of females, and descanting upon the evil consequences of the passion of love, described, in very lively colours, the beginning and progress of it, the smiles, billets doux, assignations, &c., by way of warning his auditors against the danger of such practices. A stranger, and even an Italian from any other part of Italy, is scandalized at the grossness of these Neapolitan sermons; but I have heard some of the national clergy assert that it is the only way to render them palatable to the greater part of their audience. The itinerant preachers and missionaries who are to be seen preaching in the streets of Naples mounted on a bench or stool, and addressing themselves chiefly to the lazzaroni, often reach the extreme of vulgarity in their expressions, to which their rude hearers listen with the greatest attention; and I have seen the latter, at the close of the exhortation, fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and shed penitential tears: the consequence is, that many of them follow the priest to his lodgings, confess their sins, return stolen articles, forgive their enemies, and, in short, make amends for their past misdeeds as far as lies in their power. We should not, therefore, in a foreign land, condemn rashly whatever is not consonant to our own ideas of propriety, but rather look to the effects of such things, and judge from these rather than from the methods employed. It is unnecessary to add that the sermons I here allude to are delivered in the Neapolitan dialect, and are consequently unintelligible to most foreigners.

In our notice of M. Vieusseux's former work, we quoted some passages on the Neapolitan character, to complete which, we add the following:—

'A disposition to laziness prevails in the inhabitants of Naples, and this is a source of vice and indigence: *In otia nata Parthenope*. Work is done in a bad and slovenly manner; the principal object of workmen seems to be to cheat their masters, and labour as little as they can for their wages. A Neapolitan of the working class goes to dinner regularly at twelve o'clock, and scarce any prospect of gain will make him delay this most important business; after dinner he generally lies down for a couple of hours; most of the shops are shut from one to four o'clock during the greater part of the year. Thus

these people slumber away their life, and are consequently enervated and effeminate. Even the exercise of speech seems often to be burdensome to them: when not compelled by their passions or some other strong motive, they prefer expressing themselves by gestures. A stranger inquiring his way, or any other question, can hardly bring them to articulate a monosyllable in answer. I have seen a barber sitting gravely in his shop and dozing while his workmen attended to business, and a boy was fanning him and driving the flies from his face. This general inclination to indolence and to the *dolce far niente* accounts in a great measure for the misery of the lower classes; which is greater here than I have seen in any other country, and is particularly striking on holydays, and at their numerous festivals and processions, where thousands of ill-dressed people are to be seen, with scarce a person among them having on a *sciamburga* or decent coat. Another source of poverty is the thoughtlessness with which they contract marriages, without having any means of subsistence. The little money the parties can bring together is often barely sufficient to defray the expenses of the marriage ceremony and of the nuptial dinner, and to provide them with a straw pallet, after which they are left to meet the morrow as well as they can; and it must be observed that they have not the resource of parish relief. The women are very prolific and give birth to swarms of little wretches, who run about the streets half starved, half naked, and dirty; and of whom those that escape death marry in their turn as soon as they are of age,—and thus, a mendicant generation is continually perpetuated. Mothers carry their little ones in their arms from house to house, endeavouring to excite pity and to support themselves by begging. A man earning a *tarì* a day, about eight-pence English, will think of marrying without any scruple. All women, young and old, handsome or ugly, maids or widows, think of nothing but marriage; it is the only scope of their actions, the goal which they all have in view. How might this propensity be checked in a country like this, or rather, how could its fatal consequences be prevented without incurring greater evils, is a question for political economists; connected as it is with so many civil and moral considerations, it seems to baffle human wisdom to resolve it. It is perhaps one of the most striking instances in which one can hardly doubt the inevitability of moral evil.

Again:—

'Apathy and carelessness are prevailing features of the Neapolitan character. These people only live in the present; they drive away the idea of futurity as an unwelcome monitor, and whatever they do is marked with thoughtlessness and want of foresight. If a funeral passes by, although it be that of a friend, *salute à noi*, long life to us, they exclaim, shrugging up their shoulders with undisguised selfishness. I have seen them pass by the wretched objects of distress

which abound in the streets of this capital, without paying the least attention to them; the sight of misery and disease does not in the least damp their spirits, and they hurry unfeelingly on from the starving beggar to go and squander their money at a party in the country or at the gambling-table. If they are in want of cash, they contract debts which they have not the means of ever acquitting, without reflecting that this course will lead them ultimately to prison or to an hospital. They eat as if they were taking their last meal; it is a common occurrence on Christmas-eve among poor people to pledge or sell their clothes, their scanty furniture, and even their beds, to be able to regale themselves on the following day. All their desires are concentrated in the enjoyment of the moment; *carpe diem* seems to be the universal precept. The same disposition renders them fond of gambling; that exercise, by rousing their dormant energies, possesses great charms for them; and the deceiving hope of making their fortune in one night, attracts crowds to the fatal table, where they generally complete their ruin. It is a common practice among many people in this country to promise any thing to captivate the friendship of a person present, without giving themselves the trouble of considering whether they will be able to perform what they have engaged themselves to do; consequently, little trust is to be put in their words. When Vesuvius thunders aloud, or an earthquake threatens them with destruction—when fiery streams vomited from the roaring mouth of the volcano roll on, carrying devastation over the plains below—when the air is darkened by clouds of smoke and showers of ashes, the Neapolitans fall on their knees, fast, do penance, and follow the processions barefooted; but as soon as the roar has ceased, the flame has disappeared, and the atmosphere has recovered its wonted serenity, they return to their usual mode of life, they sink again to their former level, and the tinkling sounds of the *tamburello* call them again to the lascivious dance of the *tarantella*.

The Neapolitans are not, however, without some good traits in their character; when not under the immediate pressure of want, they are good-tempered, social, and communicative, and crimes are not frequent among them. The city of Naples abounds with charitable institutions, many of which are excellent. From Naples our author proceeds to Tuscany and Lombardy, which he describes more briefly. Neither the French nor the Austrians, rendered themselves agreeable to the Tuscans, who are the mildest of the Italians; here, too, we find we have anticipated in our notice of the former work much that we should have quoted. Of Milan, our author says:—

'The Circo, or amphitheatre, which stands on one side of the Piazza d'Arme, or reviewing ground, is a modern building erected during the French dominion, in imitation of the Roman amphitheatres, and intended for the display of public

games, such as chariot-races, and bull-fights. It is of an oval form; the arena is about one hundred and twenty French toises in length; on one side is the *pulvinare*, or covered gallery, magnificently ornamented with painted stuccoes, and where the sovereign and his court take their station to see the games. The arena is so constructed, as to be filled occasionally with water, and to be transformed into a naumachia for rowing-matches. Under the French government, the amphitheatre, on remarkable occasions, was opened to the public gratis; in this way they contrived to lull the people asleep, by affording them amusements and dissipation, much in the same manner that the Roman emperors gave fights of gladiators, to captivate the affection of the populace, and make them lose sight of their oppressive sway. At the farthest end of the Piazza d'Arme, is the triumphal arch intended for Bonaparte, but which has not been finished; the bassi relievi, representing his victories, are huddled together under temporary barracks, and the whole arch is surrounded by a wooden shed.

One of the most interesting buildings in Milan is the great hospital. It is a long parallelogram of considerable extent, situated close to the canal Naviglio. It has the disadvantage of being too much in the centre of the city, an inconvenience common to many ancient institutions of the same kind, formed in times when the knowledge of medicine was still in its infancy. In the middle of it is a spacious court surrounded by porticoes, under which, on certain days of the year, are exposed the portraits of the numerous benefactors who have contributed by liberal legacies to the support of this charitable foundation. A singular but harmless distinction is made in these paintings. Those patrons who have contributed below a certain sum, are represented standing; those whose benefactions have been more considerable are painted sitting comfortably at their ease. It is a pleasant sight to behold these testimonies of gratitude to those philanthropic minds who have honoured their age and their country. Every town in Italy had similar institutions, but their revenues suffered much during the revolution. The reformers of that epoch, wholly intent on enlightening the minds of their fellow-creatures, and expelling from them the darkness of ignorance, its prejudices and superstitions, did sometimes forget that men, even when so spiritualized, are still incumbered with a body; that they are apt to fall sick; that they are subject to grief and misfortunes; that sometimes they are likely to wish for a quiet retreat to meditate and study; and that, therefore, hospitals, churches, and even a few convents, are very useful institutions in their proper place. In those dark ages which we are so apt to look upon with a kind of horror, many a benevolent man thought of alleviating the bodily sufferings of his fellow-creatures; there is then some good to be

derived even from the example of our ancestors. Every age, as well as every nation, has its peculiar vices and follies; good is always to be found by the side of evil, and I believe Providence has balanced both with the most benevolent views towards man.

M. Vieusseux draws a good comparison between the French and Austrian rule in Italy, with which for the present we conclude:—

‘What were the characteristics of Napoleon’s administration in the north of Italy? His principle was that of absolute power enforced in the most decided manner; he seemed to think that persons and properties belonged to him exclusively; and those free institutions which he at first allowed his subjects to retain, were violated by him, without any scruple, whenever they stood in the way of his transcendent projects. This affected principally the general or political concerns of the state; it affected its exterior commerce, which was nearly annihilated by the maritime war; the happiness of families, which was destroyed by repeated conscriptions; the wealth and credit of the country, which were drained by an oppressive taxation and an expensive administration, more ostentatious than regular or solid. The Italians followed the car of the conqueror, or sacrificed themselves before it.

‘In the details, however, of civil administration, and especially in the system of laws and organization of the tribunals, the principle of equality before the law was acknowledged: the trials were public, the judges equitable. A good police watched over the internal safety of the kingdom; mendicancy was suppressed in great measure; interior commerce was facilitated by canals and new roads; education was spread and facilitated by the system of gradual schools; the national institute was a focus of learning and genius. A numerous and gallant army of sixty thousand men had been formed, of which a great part however was sacrificed in Spain, Russia, and Germany, for interests foreign to Italy.

‘A new impulse was given to the people, and this impulse has not been lost on the national character; the Italians, naturally reflective, are now better informed and better acquainted with their own situation. The lessons of experience have not been lost upon them. They are more cautious and less dogmatic in their opinions, and considerate in their judgments.

‘What has been the conduct of the Austrian government since Italy has returned under its dominion? Uncertain, wavering, and deficient in tact, rather than oppressive by principle. Often, with the best intentions, the Austrian authorities do not understand properly how to act. An old Italian gentleman was one day stating the difference between the French and Austrian rule—“The former,” he said, “when they came to Italy, pil-

laged us, shot our relatives, took our women away, seduced our women, in short, did us every sort of injury; but, with so good a grace, that we, the sufferers, were pleased with them against our better judgment, and forgave them. The latter (Austrians) do not do one half of the mischief their antagonists did, and yet we cannot like them; they do not take any pains to please us, or to flatter our prejudices.”

‘The taxes in general have remained as they were under the French, but the advantages of the French judiciary system have been taken away. The conscription is by no means so extensive as it was, but the chances of promotion are also much fewer. The police remains vigilant and good. The Austrian troops are orderly and regular, but they do not associate so much with the inhabitants as the French did; the latter were especially favourites with the women. The measures of the administration are cramped by the want of sufficient power vested in the authorities who reside at Milan: the aulic council at Vienna must approve of every determination.

‘It is needless to say more. It is a great pity that the Austrian government, which is considered good and paternal in its German states, does not come to a serious determination to give its Italian subjects a form of administration suited to the wants of an intelligent but steady and orderly race of people.’

Melodies from the Gaelic and Original Poems. With Notes on the Superstitions of the Highlanders, &c. By DONALD MACPHERSON. 12mo. pp. 221. London, 1824.

To the names of Bloomfield, Hogg, and Clare, must be added that of Donald Macpherson, as an instance in which genius has overcome all the disadvantages of humble birth and defective education. Bloomfield acquired his ‘little learning,’ by reading the newspaper and a few books to his brother and other journeymen shoemakers. Clare was self taught, and Hogg was, we believe, eighteen years old before he was able to write his own name. Macpherson, who is a Highlander, was, like Hogg, a shepherd, and while he tended his flock, acquired the rudiments of education. At the age of eighteen he became a soldier, and courted the muses even in the camp. While in the army, he neglected no opportunity, consistently with his duties, of acquiring knowledge, and he has been so far successful as to learn many of the European languages, if we may judge by his imitations from the French and the Italian. Most of the pieces in this volume were, he says, ‘written at different periods, between the age of sixteen and thirty-two, in the course of a military life of fourteen years;’ during the greater part of that time, ‘the author laboured under the influence of ill health, and these trifles served him as so many charms to arrest the hand of pain.’

Mr. Macpherson, who attained the rank of sergeant in the 75th regiment, has re-

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tired on a trifling pension; and, with an honest ambition, has collected his poems, and given them to the public, under the patronage of Major General Swinton, and a goodly list of subscribers, by which it would appear that his private character is highly respectable. When we consider the idle and dissipated life which too generally pervades the ranks of all armies, there is something peculiarly interesting in seeing a young soldier renewing his acquaintance with his native country by translating her national airs, and in many instances, perhaps, carrying them to climes where they were till then unknown. Whatever personal gratification this might afford the author, and we doubt not but the pleasure was mixed with many sighs for his native hills and the home he had left, he has rendered a real service to literature, by this employment of his leisure hours. It has often surprised us, that while our authors are ransacking the poetic stores of Russia or Holland, those of the Gael should be neglected, particularly as the airs are so generally known, at least to a much greater extent than the songs. Mr. Macpherson's effort is a first step towards supplying a desideratum in our lyrical literature, and we trust he will not stop here, as he shows himself so well qualified for the task. We may be excused some partiality towards him, as he is one of our old contributors, and several of his melodies have already appeared in *The Literary Chronicle*, where we have reason to know they were much admired. There are, however, several others in this volume, besides many original poems. The great beauty of these melodies is their simplicity—they are sweet, but full of nature and pathos. Two of the songs we subjoin:—

'GLEN TROOM.

'Air—'Se'nt' Earach e's gur math leom e.'

'CHORUS.

'The milk-white thorn and the yellow broom,
And the waving birch, in vernal bloom,
Blithe Nature weaves in her fairy loom,
A mantle gay for sweet Glen-Troom.

'The voice of song, on every spray,
Proclaims the coming month of May,
Since spring has chased the hoary gloom,
That spread awhile o'er sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

'The shepherd drives his fleecy care
O'er mountains wide and pastures rare,
Since Phœbus' glowing beams reume
The summer sheils of sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

'The moor-cock leads his speckled bride
Along Loch-Erroch's sunny side,
Since Love and Mirth their reign resume
O'er all that live in sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

'Our lads are brave, our lasses fair,
Our burnies clear, and pure our air;
And Plenty's horn is never toom,
Among the braes of sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.

'Then, lassie, leave the city's noise,
And share with me the thousand joys
That rise around my happy home,
Among the braes of sweet Glen-Troom.
The milk-white thorn, &c.'

'Air—"Deoch slainte na 'n Gaisgeach."

'O why do those heath-bells, so fresh and so blooming,

Give fragrance that heath-bells could ne'er give before?

A wanton young zephyr, while lately a roaming,

Found Mary asleep in a green shady bower;

He gently stole nigh,—the pilferer sly!—

And loaded his wings with the balm of her breath,

And as he flew by, in a whispering sigh,

He scattered the fragrance on yon blooming heath.

'O why does the rose-bud that grows on yon thorn,

Outrival in beauty, resplendence of dye,

The brightest and fairest effulgence of morn,

That spreads like a mantle of light on the sky?

A zephyr that left the fair bosom of spring,

Where zephyrs their dewy ambrosia sip,

Found Mary asleep, as he flew on light wing,

And he gave to yon rose what he stole from her lip.

'O why does the daisy that smiles through the dew,

As it rears its meek head in the valley below,

All flowers excelling, seem fairer to view,

Than the brow of yon mountain when covered with snow?

A zephyr of summer stole into the breast

Of Mary, as through the green valley he flew,

And the hue of her bosom the vagrant impress'd

On yon daisy that smiles through the sparkling dew.'

The miscellaneous poems are on a variety of subjects. In the first, 'Hellas,' which was written in 1819, the author, with 'prophetic ken,' presages the liberation of Greece; it, as well as most of the poems, displays much originality; some of them are of a humorous and others of a plaintive cast, but all clever. We shall select, in conclusion, a ballad, and then leave Mr. Macpherson with the public, with whom we anticipate he will become a favourite:—

'MARIA.

'See, stranger, yon cottage, secluded and neat,
And screened from the breath of each wild storm that blows;

There once Hospitality found a retreat—
Misfortune and Poverty there found repose.

'There Virtue with Colin delighted to dwell,
There rural Simplicity carol'd her song;

There Innocence lived, and there Sorrow's sad tale

From the eye of soft Pity the pearly tear wrung.—

'One son and one daughter, his hope and his pride,

Of a numerous offspring to Colin remain—
Maria, the fairest and loveliest maid,

And Ronald, the gayest and gallantest swain.

'Tho' coarse was their fare, with contentment and health,

Their little possessions seemed riches a store;

They sought not for grandeur, they sought not for wealth,

Enough they possess'd, and they wish'd not for more.

'Tho' humble their mansion and simple their board,

They esteemed them the boons of a bounteous Heaven;

They thankfully took, and what they could afford,

To the children of want and affliction was given.

'But often a storm succeeds a fair morn—
Full often is grief the successor of joy:

The briar produces the rose and the thorn,
But the thorn outlives the fair rose's decay—

'The lovely Maria, sweet flower of the glade!
In rural simplicity's softness did bloom;

By an artful unfeeling seducer betrayed,
Her beauties decayed, and she sunk to the tomb.

'Dark Grumo was handsome, and Hyblean sweets

In softest persuasion on his eloquence hung;

But that form was a mask for a thousand de-
ceits,

And the poison of asps lay conceal'd on his tongue.

'He vowed—she believed—from her sire and loved home,

From that mansion of bliss—from that temple of peace,

He lured, and then left her abandoned to roam
Through the world, the companion of want and disgrace.

'Cold blew the north winds on her bosom of snow,

As, shivering and sighing, her infant she press'd;

She feebly exclaimed, "to my father I'll go!"

She went—he forgave—she expired on his breast.

'He marked out her grave near yon green holly bush,

By yon ruined chapel where nods the tall yew;

Where early is heard the soft song of the thrush,
Where bloom the fair daisy and violet blue.

'And ne'er did one smile to his visage return
From that moment, and sad, he would often repair

To recline his pale cheek on Maria's cold urn;
Oft there did I see him with hoary locks bare.

'One morning I marked that as wont he was there,

But longer, much longer than wont was his stay—

I went to the spot, and in posture of prayer,
I found him as lifeless and cold as the clay.

'By the side of Maria, near yon holly bush,
By yon ruined chapel where nods the tall yew,

He lies, and oft there sing the blackbird and thrush;

There bloom the fair daisy and violet blue.'

Journal of a Residence in Ashantee. By JOSEPH DUPUIS, Esq.

We promised to devote our concluding notice of this valuable work, to that portion of it which relates to the geography of Western Africa, principally derived from the Moslems, on whose veracity, he places as much reliance as on that of 'any class of honourable men in Europe:' the Moslems, too, are men of some knowledge and talent, and therefore qualified to give information respecting the countries in which they have lived, or where they

have travelled. From their evidence, and from a series of MSS. which are given in the appendix, Mr. Dupuis has compiled a map of Western Africa, which, without contending for its positive accuracy, may fairly be considered as much more correct than any that has preceded it. In his observations, which are in constant reference to the map, Mr. Dupuis corrects many errors into which Mr. Bowdich appears to have fallen, relative to African geography.

The kingdom of Ashantee, Mr. Dupuis says, extends west to east, that is from Gaman to the Volta river, and embraces about four degrees of longitude, and south to north, that is from Cape Coast Castle to the tributary kingdom, Gleofan, about four degrees of latitude. There is a free communication with all the leading provinces.

'The metropolis of Ashantee, according to my reckonings, will be found about nine geographical miles to the southward of the parallel of seven degrees of north latitude, and in two degrees sixteen minutes, or nearly so, of west longitude. It approaches in bearing nigher to the meridian of Elmina, than any other town on the line of coast, and when the path is open, the distance by that, which is called the Wassau path or route, is traversed in less time by one day, and as some say one day and two watches, than any other station on the sea coast,—a proof of its westerly inclination in regard to the longitudinal meridian of Cape Coast Castle.

'The military resources of Ashantee are great indeed, without casting into the scale her preponderating influence in Sarem and Dagomba. The bashaw Mohammed assured me, that the armies of Ashantee that fought in Gaman, amounted to upwards of eighty thousand men, (without including the camp attendants, such as women and boys) of whom at one time above seven thousand were Moslems, who fought under his orders. In this estimate I speak within bounds, for I am inclined to believe he alluded to the army of Banna as a distinct force, whose numbers varied from twenty to twenty-five thousand men, armed with tomahawks, lances, knives, javelins, and bows and arrows. Of the eighty thousand the king can put muskets and blunderbusses in the hands of from forty to fifty thousand. The opposing enemy, including the auxiliary Moslem and Heathen powers allied to the army of Dinkera, amounted at times to one hundred and forty thousand men, of whom a great proportion were cavalry. The issue of that war, which restored the sovereignty of Gaman to the king of Ashantee, must unquestionably have increased his military strength to the extent of twenty or thirty thousand more men, although it is true the relics of those tribes who submitted, or escaped the butcheries, were not considered worthy to be trusted with arms during my stay at court.

'The king of Dahomy and his auxiliaries, the bashaw says, can raise about fifty thousand men, of whom from eight to ten

thousand only are fusileers; the rest are armed with bows and arrows, besides sabres, and iron maces. This, he says, is the greatest force the Dahomans ever sent into the field.

'The king of Benin is, however, by far the most powerful of the three monarchs, in regard to the number of his troops, for he can arm two hundred thousand upon an emergency, but he cannot furnish above ten thousand with muskets.'

Of the source of the Niger, Mr. Dupuis says:—

'The Moslems of Kong and Manding commonly used the term Wangara, as relating to Ashantee, Dahomy, and Benin, east of the Formosa. Of the Niger, well known to them by its Bambara name, Jolibab, they reported to this effect; that it has its source in a chain of mountains which bears west, and something north of the capital of Kong, from whence it is distant eighteen journeys. According to this estimation, I conceive its fountain may exist in about 11° 15' latitude north, and 7° 10' longitude west of the meridian of Greenwich. The intermediate space comprises a part of the district called Ganowa, inhabited by the Manding and Falah (Foulah) tribes. The surface for the first five or six days, they relate, is inclining to hilly, yet it is by no means abrupt; and forests alternately abound, but they are not so impervious as those of Ashantee. After the first hundred miles, the traveller commences ascending a cluster of lofty mountains, and this labour occupies him six days. The mountains abound in rivers and rapid torrents, which discharge themselves on the opposite sides into the Jolibab; and further to the westward they are so high and steep that no man can ascend to their summits, which are barren, bleak, and oftentimes covered with snow. They are inhabited about half way up by ferocious tribes of cannibals. The source of the river lies about two days distant up the mountains, and is distant from Coomassy thirty-eight journeys, or about five hundred British miles horizontal.'

The details as to African geography, though valuable, are necessarily dry, and not such as would suit the general reader, and we therefore pass them over. The Fantees, who are called our allies, but who appear to unite cruelty and cowardice, treated the Europeans with great cruelty when they had the power; and Mr. Dupuis considers the ascendancy of the Ashantees as a blessing rather than otherwise. 'The ponderous power of Ashantee,' he says, 'in lieu of contributing to the insecurity of life and property, alone guarantees both to us, by its friendship, its interests, and the position it occupies in the rear of its maritime provinces.

'In the wantonness of cruelty, it was a common practice with the Fantees to attack the canoes of white men, drag them on shore, make them carry the great drum on the tops of their heads, flog them, compel them to pay ransom, &c. Mr. Swan-

zy himself, if his own confession may be entitled to credit, has had the honour, in common with others, of undergoing one or both operations.

'And what are the people of the sea-coast now. I have sat in council at Cape Coast Castle, to arbitrate upon a business relating to Mr. Blinkarn, or Blenkairn, the governor of Apollonia fort, and the insignificant king of that country; wherein his black majesty, by threats and insults the most alarming, the most aggravating, extorted from that gentleman gold and merchandize, exceeding, I believe, the value of thirty or forty ounces? And what redress did he obtain? What were the steps taken to vindicate the honour and inviolability of the British flag? and lastly, what expedient was resorted to, to check the cupidity of the petty tyrant on future occasions, and secure the person and property of this officer from fresh indignities, or the outrages resistance might bring on his head? These are questions which I, of course, must answer—None!

'The political aspect of Cape Coast, after the great invasion of 1807, and other subsequent movements, with a powerful sovereign, now the liege monarch, in the rear, and the European castles in the van; the people reduced, as we see, to the shadow of their former strength, in course of time naturally threw them to a certain degree into our arms, for that protection which they knew we could at all times purchase by negotiation; hence, although tribute had been paid over and over again, they were encouraged to resist the demand *exactly as I landed in the country*, purposely and sinisterly, as it did appear, to prevent my journey to court, without awakening my just suspicions, or to gain time for the climate and disappointed hopes to work their baneful effects on my constitution. It must be observed, however, that linked as the interest of blacks and whites may seem to have been in political feelings, the former, in some towns, could never be brought to forget the sway they heretofore enjoyed over the councils of the chief establishments; accordingly, we find them, enfeebled as they were, lording it in the town, compelling the garrison at Cape Coast to seek safety behind their walls; where they remained shut up, upon an insignificant quarrel about a man who refused to pay his debts. The appeal, as usual, was to arms, and some fell in the conflict.

'As another proof how limited this dependence was, the governors of forts were never, at any time, able to prevent those horrid systems of murder and sacrifice connected with the superstitious rituals of the barbarous pagan religions. I have known many unhappy victims to water the earth with their blood within gunshot of the walls of castles. At Accra, two women and as many men were butchered, with every aggravating circumstance, directly under the ramparts; and all that could be employed, persuasion, was urged by the governor (the late Mr. Gor-

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don) to no purpose. At Tatum, during the government of the late Mr. Adamson, the same class of murders were continually practised with impunity; the same at Apollonia, Dixcove, Succondee, and Chamah. The only degree of decency observed at Cape Coast (and that but latterly), was to compel the natives to practise their odious massacres at a distance from observation. Rather than adopt a system of moral and religious policy which might be found to interfere with long-established interests—rather than pursue maxims of humanity supported by good example—the people have purposely, I am justified in saying, been suffered to practise, among other vices, these diabolical tragedies in open day, and in open spots; or in their houses, and in “the bush.” I should disgust my readers of the tender sex were I to relate more of the depraved propensities of these untutored people; suffice it to say generally, that they inherit all the vice, and much of the infirmity of human nature; all the evil affections of passions of the whites; all the malignant and brutal inclinations of savages; and none of those refinements which do honour to the human heart and understanding.

We might quote at much more length, but our extracts will be sufficient to point out the importance of Mr. Dupuis's work. It will acquire an increased interest with every arrival from the country which forms the subject of this excellent journal.

Self-Advancement; or, Extraordinary Transitions from Obscurity to Greatness, exemplified in the Lives and History of the Emperor Basil, Rienzi the Tribune, Alexander V., Cardinal Ximenes, Hadrian VI. Cardinal Wolsey, Adrian IV., Thomas Lord Cromwell, Sixtus V., Massaniello, Cardinal Alberoni, Dr. Franklin, King of Sweden. Designed as an Object of Laudable Emulation for the Youthful Mind. By the Author of 'Practical Wisdom.' 12mo. pp. 334. London. 1824.

Nothing is more instructive than biography, since it teaches by example, which is always more impressive than precept; and nothing is better calculated to stimulate the youthful mind to honest ambition, than instances of the success which has attended previous efforts to attain greatness by the mere force of talent and the steadfastness of pursuit. Of this, the individuals whose biography occupies this volume, are perhaps the most extraordinary instances that any age or country has afforded, with the exception perhaps of Bonaparte, who, though born of a respectable family, attained a height and power, and displayed talents as superior to his original rank, as any of the persons whose lives are here given, rose above their poverty. It may, probably, be said that few can attain the rank of kings or cardinals: this is true, and it would perhaps have been as well if some more in-

stances of less exalted success had been selected; such, for instance, as that of the Lord Chief Justice Sanders, who, when a poor boy, taught himself writing on the staircase of some chambers in one of the inns of court. We may however observe, that although few can expect to attain such exalted rank, yet talents, when perseveringly directed, will rarely fail of advancing their possessor, and on this account the examples in *Self-Advancement* cannot fail of being a good stimulant. The lives are well written, and we cordially recommend the book. The character of Bernadotte is, however, too flatly drawn.

ORIGINAL.

LOVE.

DR. JOHNSON has asserted, and probably with great truth, ‘that Love makes little progress in great cities,’ and therefore it is evident that poets and romance-writers do well, in placing his votaries in situations congenial to our received notions of his pervading influence. The stately solitude of frowning castles, the long avenues of our old baronial halls, even the sacred edifices of monastic retirement, are not less calculated for a display of this deep and engrossing passion, than cottages and coppices, hay-fields and merry-making. In the former we contemplate love in its controlling power of awakening the mind to all its most energetic pursuits and terrible inflictions—the grandeur, folly, courage, sublimity, and madness, which mingle in its character; in the latter we perceive its tenderness, confidence, simplicity, and pathos, and, when fairly delineated, there are few persons so constituted as not to find a charm in the description. The wisest man of business who ever fagged in a counting-house,—the profoundest student of law, theology, or medicine,—he whose duties or necessities have placed him for years farthest from the allurements of imagination and the romance of real life,—the political leader, the anxious merchant, the plodding antiquarian,—if by chance they unbend so far as to seek an evening's amusement in light reading, however they may pish and pshaw over it, and affect to skip love-scenes, never fail to feel a little warmth of heart, some tender reminiscences of gone-by feelings, which proves that the germ of such feelings is placed in the heart so deeply, that neither the good or evil of artificial circumstances can wholly eradicate it. In such moments, the wisest become aware that, in amassing life's treasures, they have secured rather the wax than the honey,

and are led to envy many whom they once despised; and some, on whom age has cast her chilly mantle, or care has laid a crushing hand, feel a sweet revival of genial affections, and give themselves up to the illusion of the scene with the sympathy of men sensible ‘of like passions’ with those the scene describes, and perfectly willing to share the weakness and enjoy the ‘life of a lover.’

This is surely sufficient to prove, that although love is never associated in our minds with any thing going forward in great cities, but coquetry, self-interest, match-making mothers, connection-hunting fathers, and establishment-seeking daughters, yet that there is a very considerable quantity of love (in the commercial phrase) on hand, which by due management might be so turned to account, as greatly to increase the virtue and happiness of this extensive class of society. Perhaps this arrangement might, on the whole, be found less disadvantageous even on the score of prudence than some alarmed parents may be subject to fear, for although it would happen now and then that a fond young couple, by imprudently taking each other, tied themselves equally to a life of labour and care, yet we much question whether more actual poverty and degradation would accrue to them and their families, than is experienced from the present extravagance of that race of females, who in their wisdom marry for show, connection, title, rivalry, or any thing save old-fashioned vulgar love.

In fact, when the mother of a handsome daughter (on whose education she has expended as much money as might, if properly husbanded, have become independence) has at last waltzed, quadrilled, or quavered herself into the temporary liking of a young man of some fashion, and secured that for which she has long laboured, *an actual offer*,—nine times out of ten, the closing with it is probably as indiscreet an act, as youth and inexperience themselves could be guilty of. If no fortune is produced on the lady's side, all inquiry into that of the gentleman is necessarily short; and, in return for a generosity, prompted as much, probably, by whim, as even passion, all his good qualities are equally taken upon trust; in consequence of which, a life of frivolous amusement is frequently exchanged for one of the most wretched care, dependence, and mutual reproach, compared with which, that of even the unhappy beings who play at ‘love in a cottage,’ is infinitely

preferable (provided that love still inhabits it).

Surely, it would be well to remember, that, although life is short, yet it extends to a much more considerable period than that for which, in general, we are toiling; and, if our young people are taught to slight love in their loveliest age, for the sake of more substantial good, they ought, at least, to educate themselves for the exercise of some virtue or quality, which should stand in its stead at that time when the love of show declines, and the heart, wearied of dissipation, seeks for rest in domestic happiness, and repose in tranquil privacy. Lord Byron thought of taking avarice 'as a good *old* gentlemanly vice,' but as avarice and ambition are twins, and may be considered as having had their day in the bosom of every woman who sacrifices herself in early life upon their altar, another succedaneum must be provided. Besides a virtue would be better to take up at this time than any vice, since, although youth is supposed to soften all deformities of that nature, yet age is supposed to increase them. Perhaps, all things considered, it would be as well to lay in some knowledge of Christianity as an useful assistant, when called into action, to supply by patience and kindness those sensibilities rational love would have perpetuated, had it been indulged, and to keep alive those hopes and expectations which the world has unquestionably disappointed. Whether to use the coarse but strong expression of John Bunyan, 'God will accept the devil's leavings,' is not any part of the present inquiry, such being obsolete ideas, when connected with creatures whose sole occupation is 'to lisp, to dance, to troll the idle lay,' but it is pursued merely as a speculation in the general state of the case. When beauty fades and power decays,—when it is too late to excite the jaded spirits to love, or raise the selfish heart to friendship, the blank of life is terrible, and the idea of eternity appalling; since, if it is painful to endure a short cessation from amusement, what will it be to endure one without end? At such a time, any resource is better than none; many, it is evident, find one in enthusiasm, who had better have been taught to look at an earlier period into the matter, as they would by that means undoubtedly have escaped being what they are, and probably also avoided what they have been.

THE WATER COMPANY.

I REMEMBER, in my peregrinations through the west of Britain, to have met at the small town of —, in Lancashire, a very rare society, whose tenets, I will venture to say, are not likely soon to be adopted:—it was a party, consisting of eight or ten members, all well acquainted with each other; and, as you may imagine, excellently initiated into the art of smoking,—it was a law with them, as sacred as those of the Medes and Persians, to allow no fluid to assist in their festive rites but the pure drink of nature; and it became a most amusing spectacle to behold these sober worthies passing away the afternoon of each day, in the occupation of smoking round an old oak table, the chief duty of which was to sustain a huge pitcher of water, from whence they all indulged by turns in copious libations, with the same apparent satisfaction that one is in the habit of seeing really result from a similar vessel of good home-brewed ale. It was a matter of no small surprise *with me*, to observe the constancy which the members displayed in joining together at the appointed hour; and still more, considering the nature of their entertainment, at the witty repartee, the contented countenances, and the social conversation which rendered their congregation so agreeable, and enabled them to break up for their several homes at tea time, with their minds in an agreeable state of relaxation, and their pockets uninjured by the indulgence. I think, in the course of time, I should have succeeded in becoming a convert to their peculiar mode of worshipping Bacchus, so far as to enrol myself a member of the club; but, in my first and second essay, it went extremely hard with me before I could at all reconcile myself to their novel way of entertainment, and I made a point of repaying my abstinence by additional indulgences, the moment the society broke up. From what cause this curious whim arose, I could not exactly ascertain; but motives of economy could not, assuredly, have had much influence, and, judging from the hale countenances and muscular frames of the brethren, constitutional infirmity as little. That there are men in the world to whom water is a preferable beverage to any other is undeniable; but that so great a proportion, as the number I have mentioned, should conjoin in a village, and seek gratification thus, regularly as the day arrived, did appear to me a very extraordinary phenomenon, and

one which, judging from my own taste, I cannot at all account for. ALOST.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that our time and our pages might be better occupied than in the hopeless attempt to teach the managers of the Mechanics' Institution their duty; we confess we are of a somewhat different opinion, and, knowing that our remarks have already done some good, we shall persevere, until one of the noblest attempts of the age shall fall to the ground, through the imbecility of those who have had the direction of it, or until we have driven from their situation individuals who have exhibited such total incapacity for the duties they have undertaken.

We last week noticed the arrogance of the committee, in presuming to call us to their bar for our editorial conduct—a power which kings, lords, or commons do not claim, and which is exercised only by the Governor-General of India, an office for which the president of the Mechanics' Institution is well qualified, so far as regards an interference with the liberty of the press. We did not attend the summons, for two reasons: in the first place, we denied the authority of the committee to call on us; and, in the second, we well knew that we could not have a fair hearing: the result of the meeting convinced us how far we were right, for, although no correct account of the proceedings has appeared, it is sufficiently evident that no gentleman who opposed the committee could obtain a fair hearing. It appears, too (for what honest purpose we know not), that, although the meeting was not a lecture, but a general meeting, several persons were admitted who were not members; and we are assured that some of these were most obstreperous in hunting down every person who rose either to complain of the management of the society, or even to defend the charges made against it—charges not denied by the committee, nor refuted in the meeting, where they were not read, though frequently called for.

The meeting was a tumultuous one, for the president, as we have before observed, is wanting either in firmness or disposition to secure a fair hearing; after a long and irregular debate, a member moved that, with regard to the charges made against the committee, the meeting felt no desire to enter further into them; thus evading the dis-

mission. A member paying usually, should be to the lectures principally owing the persuasive e vice-presidents, pathetic terms, of the mechanic additional guine 'mamma' for b spring, that the affected.

Our charges a will be seen, h they are too well repeat them; ev by the committe and more of its baneful manager fallen from two to little more th the funds, inclu without any gro tures have not b little more tha were wanting of the committee, promoting the c it would be in and lecturers.

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We have sai not refuted, o made against correspondent signed G. M. the point, we length; it is, notice. The wake of the c not summoned ing; that we journalist, but inaugural dec to promote t tion. This i We were cal

own taste, ALOST. TUTION. s that our better oc- attempt to Mechanics' confess we opinion, marks have shall per- blest at- ground, those who until we on indivi- total in- ve under- arrogance ng to call l conduct or com- a is exer- eneral of president is well n interfere- ess. We two rea- nished the call on ell knew hearing: nced us ough no ngs has dent that e com- ing. It pose we meeting al meet- ed who assured obstre- person the ma- to de- st it— mittee, re they y called us one, ore ob- ness or hearing; pate, a to the mittee, er fur- ne dis-

session. A motion was made, that any member paying an additional guinea annually, should be allowed to bring a friend to the lectures; but it was negatived, principally owing, we understand, to the persuasive eloquence of one of the vice-presidents, who painted, in such pathetic terms, the sighs of the mother of the mechanic who should give this additional guinea, and the cries to 'mamma' for bread by her infant offspring, that the meeting was deeply affected.

Our charges against the institution, it will be seen, have not been met, and they are too well known to our readers to repeat them; every step, however, taken by the committee, convinces us more and more of its imbecility. Under its shameful management, the members have fallen from twelve or thirteen hundred to little more than seven hundred; and the funds, including donations, &c. and without any great outlay (for the lectures have not been paid for), amount to little more than £400. If any proof were wanting of the total ignorance of the committee, as to the best means of promoting the object of the institution, it would be in their choice of lectures and lecturers. There is no regular system adopted, but the mechanic is led a confused dance from one science to another, at the caprice of the managers, or as vanity or interest may suggest to any person to offer a course of lectures, as is the case with a Mr. Newton (not a Sir Isaac, we are assured) and Mr. Harding, who are engaged to lecture on astronomy and short-hand writing!! Short-hand writing for mechanics. Was there ever such an absurdity? Why, we should as soon expect one of their vice-presidents to read a lecture on the oriental languages, and another a dissertation on the dry rot! The lecture on short-hand writing must be, under all the circumstances of the subject and the lecturer, not a little amusing.

We have said that the committee has not refuted, or even denied, the charges made against it; but an anonymous correspondent has sent us a letter, signed G. M. C., which, had it been to the point, we should have inserted at length; it is, however, entitled to some notice. The writer, following in the wake of the committee, says, we were not summoned, but invited to the meeting; that we were not called on as a journalist, but as a member, and that an inaugural declaration binds the members to promote the welfare of the institution. This is mere special pleading. We were called upon as public jour-

nalists, to repeat and substantiate charge made in that capacity, and, as to promoting the welfare of the society, we contend that it is only to be done either by rendering the committee ashamed of their mismanagement, or by getting the members to elect men better qualified for their duties. G. M. C. gives the committee credit for zeal and integrity; but acknowledges that, in many instances, their conduct has been 'marked by weakness, vanity, and bad policy.' This gentleman, who says he is a member of the institution, acknowledges to have received some instruction from Mr. Phillips's lecture; this is grateful, nor is it very surprising; he then goes on to a defence of The Morning Advertiser, for which the editor ought to thank him, as his silence manifests that he is unable to defend himself, and to some observations on the declaration of Mr. Robertson, with which we have nothing to do. He says, our charges were denied by the committee; this was not the case, and, had it been so, mere denial would not satisfy us; he also says, that the reading of Mr. Robertson's letter was put to the vote and negatived: no report of the proceedings that we have met with states this; but, in a meeting where questions were carried by clamour, it would not surprise us if some such resolution were taken. Were this the case, it would be merely transposing the charge of illiberality from Dr. Birkbeck to the meeting. The fact is, that the president and the institution are become the mere tools of an odious faction, whose manœuvres it shall be our duty to expose. As, however, fifteen new members have been elected to the committee, we shall wait to see if they redeem its character, and shall be happy to find this the case.

We had written thus far, when we received, on Thursday afternoon, the following very gentlemanly letter from Dr. Birkbeck, a physician in the city, and president of the Mechanics' Institution. Our readers will appreciate the extent of our liberality in inserting it, for we venture to say, no editor ever gave place to such a letter before:—

'50, Broad Street, Sept. 7, 1824.

'To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

'SIR,—You have done me the honour, in the last number of your very candid and liberal journal, to mention me twice by name and twice by office. In your first notice it has pleased you to represent me as being acquainted with a distinction, which, notwithstanding

your high authority in all matters critical, I believe to be a distinction without a real difference; and you charge me with having committed, by means of it, a deliberate insult on the members of the Mechanics' Institution. "Dr. Birkbeck," you say, "calls the lectures he gives at the London Institution *honorary*, but those he delivers at the Mechanics' Institution he calls *gratuitous*." This insult to the mechanics, by the president of the institution, deserves the exposure." Now, so far as I recollect, I never did apply the term honorary to any lectures which I or any other person may have delivered; nor has it been, so far as I know, at any time necessary, during my late course of lectures, to say on what terms they were delivered to the mechanics: and I do solemnly declare, that I never did apply either of the words in question with a consciousness of the existence of that distinction which is requisite to constitute the alleged insult. "This," to borrow your own language, "is a wilful and malicious fabrication," unparalleled, I will venture to assert, in the history of editorial baseness. What "an honest journalist would do,"—and even you can talk about the duties of an "honest journalist,"—before he gave currency to such falsehoods, need not be pointed out: you were ready, without any inquiry, I firmly believe, to dip your pen into the same venom which another editor was, at the same time, preparing to diffuse, imparting to it, as it flowed, in consequence of your nature, a still greater degree of virulence.

"The president," you say, "sits not as umpire, but as bottle-holder to his party." Of any party being present which might be called my own, I am quite ignorant, unless the whole body may be so termed; for the motion to receive the report of the committee was carried with only five dissentient hands; and two voices only were heard,—both very loud, and one very incessant, it is true,—in favour of what, I am to understand, is the other party. If, however, two great personages, who, when they rave occasionally, imagine themselves to be representatives of the public*, who were invited, or, according to their own version, were cited or summoned to attend, had not deemed it more prudent to remain where you have placed them, in the "vasty deep," from whence we know "they will not come when we do call

* 'That public whom we represent, and to whom they must make their account.'—Vide *Literary Chronicle* for September 4th.

them;" or if, as you say, "in plain English" (which, by the by, you are not much accustomed to use), they had not preferred the secure recesses of Pater-noster Row to a public meeting, judging from the feelings which were there manifested in regard to the said great personages, my services might have been required in other offices than those which you have assigned to me.

"It is next your pleasure to declare, that "the president broke out into a passion on the bare mention of reading the charges." If you have inserted only what has been communicated to you, by not venturing to make your appearance at the meeting, among other escapes, you may have escaped the charge of falsehood. All that I expressed was, I am confident, "more in sorrow than in anger;" and I did sincerely pity an individual, on account of the course which he was pursuing, and the companion he had chosen. The first mention (what rendered it "bare," your informant, no doubt, states), was seconded by Mr. Mudie,—a sub-editor, I believe, a corrector of the press, I am certain. The proposal met with strong opposition from the meeting, which, when he was rather furiously pronouncing a fear of hearing the truth, I interrupted him—in a very good humour, I think,—to ask "whether it was not probable that a fear of losing time was the motive, since that which had been disseminated by the Mechanics' Magazine could be no secret,—indeed, was probably known to every individual present." After having discovered that the meeting would not hear a repetition of the often-repeated calumnies, because the calumniator was not present, Mr. Mudie said, "Then perhaps I may substantiate them," and with very unbecoming perseverance insisted upon being received by the meeting in his assumed character. Finding that he would not desist, I did with considerable earnestness expostulate with him, "requesting him to consider whether it was possible for the committee or the meeting to be satisfied with an explanation from any other person than Mr. Robertson; or whether it was possible for any person, excepting the man who, by his superior penetration, had affected to discover the undivulged intentions of the committee, to give an explicit account of his insinuations." If I broke out into any passion at all, which I deny, it was most likely to have happened, not from the bare mention of the reading, as you assert, but from the obstinate misapprehension of your distinguished advocate, as to his

fitness to be the substitute for your fellow-labourer.

"Lastly; borrowing your manner, I may say Mr. — (the supposed editor's name is here inserted), with his accustomed *veracity*, has made the following assertion: "This letter Dr. Birkbeck, with his accustomed *liberality*, did not allow to be read." It is well known to several gentlemen, who were present when I perused this letter previously to the meeting, that I said it ought to be read; and Mr. Robertson, of whom you are generally known to be merely the echo or double in this business, repeating what I first said, admits that "I was willing to read it;" if the editors were not present and prepared to justify their conduct, he would read a letter which had first been received from Mr. Robertson: and again, in the next speech ascribed to me, I am represented to say, if he (Mr. R.) were not present, the committee had a letter from him in their possession, which they would read. The members, however, never did require that this letter should be read; and although one person did propose it, no one—no, not even Mr. Madie,—seconded the proposal. Why the meeting did not wish to hear this letter, your associate, who has the happy art of detecting the intentions of the committee, will, I have no doubt, be able to inform you. Neither party, I am sure, need have dreaded the effects from reading this letter; nor was it likely from its quality to do good to any one: but—(remember you have set me the example of using a stale quotation,) —*valeat quantum valere potest*.

"Before I conclude, permit me to inquire in what person who begins to publish, or is hired to conduct a three-penny or sixpenny hebdomadal pamphlet, becomes invested with the character of a representative of the public? I never did suspect that you or any other editor had been placed in that important situation; and I beg leave to add that I renounce the honour of being one of your constituents. The public, or I am much mistaken, will still continue to believe, in despite of your lofty pretensions, that you are only the representatives of yourselves and your employers. GEORGE BIRKBECK."

We do not know whether the late period at which this letter was forwarded, was selected in order to prevent our making any remarks on it or not; we shall, however, bestow a few words on it. As regards the amiable and gentlemanly feeling that pervades it, all remark is unnecessary: the doctor, it

will be seen, is like Lord Lyttleton's lady—

*'Modest as if courts he had never seen,
Polite as if in courts he'd always been.'*

The first observation of the doctor is on the terms *honorary* and *gratuitous*, as applied to the lectures he delivered at the London and Mechanics' Institution. This the doctor does not deny, but, with a sort of equivocation which would place him in an awkward predicament in a witness-box, says he does not recollect using them, or, if he did, that it was with an unconsciousness of there being any distinction between the terms. According to the doctor's definition, all members of institutions, who are, in compliment to their talents and services, elected as *honorary*, are merely *gratuitous* members: and all *gratuitous* relief to a pauper is *honorary* *.

The worthy doctor then notices, that we said he sits as bottle-holder to his party, and not as umpire. We really, in the term bottle-holder, intended no allusion to his profession; he asserts that his party was the whole meeting; if so, all we shall say, is, that we are sorry for it: some old author says, the million do not think, and, therefore, we need not feel surprised that a few hundred mechanics act by impulse rather than on deliberation.

The worthy doctor next complains of our saying he was in a passion at the bare mention of the charges; his letter will show that such an event is neither impossible nor improbable. With regard to his personal attack on Mr. Mudie, of whose occupations we know nothing, we leave that gentleman to defend himself; we have yet to learn that a sub-editor is a dishonourable profession.

Dr. Birkbeck next, as he supposes, mentions our name; but as notoriety is less serviceable to an author than a doctor, we have left it in blank, which is the only liberty we have taken with the letter.

If the doctor had *wished* to read the letter of Mr. Robertson, his authority over the meeting would have enabled him to do so.

The doctor says, we are the echo, or double, of Mr. Robertson: we will not, on this occasion, adopt any of the ele-

* Dr. Johnson thought otherwise; he defines *honorary* as 'done in honour,' while *gratuitous*, he says, is 'granted without claim or merit,' or 'asserted without proof.' Dr. Birkbeck may take his choice of the last two definitions, as applied to the lectures he read to the Mechanics' Institution.—ED.

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Lyttleton's phraseology he uses; but merely state that it is not true. If we have been an echo, it is an Irish echo, for we noticed the imbecility and absurd proceedings of the committee of the Mechanics' Institution some weeks before the subject was taken up by Mr. Robertson, who was as ignorant of our views as Dr. Birkbeck himself.

Dr. Birkbeck says, if we assume to represent the public, he disavows being a constituent; the disclaimer is mutual. Horne Tooke, an authority we know the doctor will respect, in his memorable letter to the Duke of Richmond, mentions certain exemptions to universal suffrage, and we are much mistaken if our worthy doctor would not be excluded by one of them.

One remark in the doctor's letter rather puzzles us; he says, 'judging from the feelings which were there (at the meeting) manifested, in regard to the said great personages (the editors of *The Literary Chronicle* and *Mechanics' Magazine*), my services might have been required in other offices than those which you have assigned me.' Does the doctor mean to say that the members would have used personal violence towards us, and that his medical aid would have been required? If so, the members, and not ourselves, are insulted by the insinuation.

The late period at which we received Dr. Birkbeck's letter precludes further remark, but as we foresee that he will afford 'mirth for a week, laughter for a month, and a good joke for ever,' we part with him the less reluctantly.

Original Poetry.

THE VALE OF THE VINE.

Let bards and their beauties betake them to bowers
Where sweetest of scents breathe from fairest of flowers,
And broad branches shade from the summer sun blaze,
There to whisper the words of their passion and praise;
While the sound of the brook and the song of the bird
Make music, by angel ears meet to be heard;
But be fruit before flowers at any time mine,
And that finest of fruit in the Vale of the Vine.
Romancers may range o'er the Alpine peaks proud,
Those great mountain giants with cloak of the cloud;
But I can't conceive what regard they deserve,
For there you may stare, and may stare till you starve:
Let me live in fair France, where a summer soil
Rewards with abundance the vintager's toil;
Where the frequent-filled flask, at the daylight's decline,
Glad the husbandman's heart in the Vale of the Vine.

Shine thou sun-drop, thou dew,—fall thou fostering rain

On the corn-covered hill and the wood-planted plain,

And fail not to visit the grateful grape groves,
The clustering crop that blithe Bacchus beloves;
Let idle winds woo fragrant foliage and flower,
On the stems of the garden and boughs of the bower;

But thine be the dew-drop, the shower and sunshine,

Thou earthly elysium, the Vale of the Vine!

IMLAH.

Fine Arts.

Bonaparte's Tomb; two Lithographic Prints, from Drawings by D. Ibbetson.

THE name of great men confers an interest on whatever is connected with it, and lends a peculiar attraction to objects and places which would otherwise be wholly indifferent. The subject of the two prints before us, is certainly not deficient in this species of interest, for there are few, we apprehend, even among those least disposed to admire the character of Napoleon, who could behold with indifference the spot where are deposited his remains. Crowned within the walls of Notre Dame, and entombed in St. Helena, it is perhaps from the latter place that he appears to address himself to us impressively. Merely considering these views as landscape, we should not say that they had much to recommend them, for they present no features at all remarkable for beauty, or any other quality. All, however, that we require in such a case, is fidelity, and this we are assured they are admitted to possess by every one who has visited the spot which they represent. We are of opinion, therefore, that many of our readers will not be displeased at our having pointed out two prints that may be considered as final graphic illustrations of the eventful life of one who, at one period, swayed the destinies of Europe.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Two new pieces, with Mathews to boot, and the revival, after a slumber of a few days only, of *Der Freischutz*, are the doings of this theatre during the last week. In the latter piece, Miss Paton has succeeded Miss Stephens as Agnes, and is certainly the best successor that could have been selected: her execution of the *scena* in the opening of the second act was admirable, and she was, in this as well as in several of the airs, loudly

cheered. Mr. Pearman, though labouring under the disadvantage of a comparison with Braham, acquitted himself well; and his song 'Through the Woods,' was much applauded.

The first of the new pieces is entitled *Jonathan in England*. Mathews is the hero, and is of course a genuine Yankey. He is accompanied by his nigger Agamemnon (well played by Sloman), and lands at Liverpool. He soon finds that England is not a land of freedom, because he is not allowed to beat or sell his negro; this is a severe hit at the United States, where slavery is still allowed. There are several amusing scenes, and some good songs in the piece. Mathews, who does every thing well, kept the house in continued good humour, by his personation of the unconsciously amusing Jonathan W. Doubikin. The piece, however, might have been better written.

The second piece, called the *Frozen Lake*, is founded on a well-known incident: the daughter of a duke of Suabia is secretly married to a young count of her father's court. One night, while sleeping with his bride, the lake is frozen over, and snow has fallen, which renders his escape difficult to conceal—a sledge is resorted to, and is drawn by the princess and her friend. The duke, however, discovers them, and after terrifying his daughter, by saying the count is his son, explains that he means he is his son-in-law, by marrying her. There are several scenes of deep interest in this piece, and Wrench, as a general in love, has an excellent character; his military billets doux excited much amusement. Both pieces were successful.

Literature and Science.

Paragraine.—A new invention, called the Paragraine, is spoken of in some of the Italian journals. Its object is to avert hail-storms, as the electrical conductors serve to obviate danger from lightning.—In this climate, the hail is seldom so violent as to occasion any very serious losses; but in many parts of the continent, it is dreaded as the most destructive enemy of the husbandman: and we have known insurance companies established for the sole purpose of guarding against loss by hail-storms. The inventor of the Paragraine is a Signor Apostolle; and many experiments have been made with it by a Signor Thollard. A report in its favour has been made at Milan by Signor Beltrami. One of the latest accounts of its beneficial effects has been published by Signor Antonio Perotti of San Giovanni di Cassara. He states, that on a piece of land belonging to himself, containing 16,000 perches in extent, having fixed

up several of the Paragrandini, he had the satisfaction to find that no injury was done by hail to the corn, and very little to the vines, although no less than fourteen storms had occurred in the current year, five of which appeared to threaten great mischief to his fields, but passed over them and fell on the neighbouring lands of Valvasoni, Bagnarola, and Savorgnano. These instruments are composed of metallic points and straw ropes, bound together with hempen or flaxen threads. Dr. Astolfi, in a letter to Professor Francesco Orioli, of Bologna, relates that on the 19th of June a hail-storm, proceeding in a direction from Bentivoglio to S. Giovanni Triano, came near the lands of Count Chenef, which were protected by Paragrandini; on approaching which the clouds were seen at once to disperse. A similar occurrence happened on the 24th of June on the estate of Galiera, where a number of these machines had been set up by Dr. Pancaldi. The last statement we shall notice is contained in an official report to the Milan government by the Gonfaloniere of San Pietro in Casale. He says, that during a stormy day, when there were many claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, he went out to observe the effects of the Paragrandine, and noticed the electric fluid to be attracted by the points of the straw in the machine, around which the flame played in graceful curves; while in the adjoining fields not protected by the Paragrandine, much rain fell and the lightning did considerable mischief.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept. 3	66	77	68	30 95	Cloudy.
.... 4	66	74	62	29 95	Fair.
.... 5	60	69	60	.. 78	Do.
.... 6	63	69	60	.. 55	Showery.
.... 7	60	67	60	.. 59	Do.
.... 8	60	66	50	.. 55	Do.
.... 9	53	63	55	.. 75	Do.

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

THE Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from the accidents which usually destroy so great a portion of it. The fishermen carefully collect, on the margin and surface of waters, all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish; when they have a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which has been previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. After a certain number of days, they break the shell in water warmed by the sun; the young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose, forms an important branch of trade in China.

From the Spanish.

Toll not the bell of death for me,
When I am dead;
Strew not the flow'ry wreath o'er me,
On my cold bed:
Let friendship's sacred tear
On my fresh grave appear,
Gemming with pearls my bier,
When I am dead:
No dazzling proud array
Of pageantry display,
My fate to spread.

Let not the busy crowd be near,
When I am dead,
Fanning with unfelt sighs my bier—
Sighs, quickly sped!
Deep let th' impression rest
On some fond feeling breast;
Then were my mem'ry bless'd,
When I am dead.
Let not the day be writ,—
Love will remember it—
Untold—unsaid!—

Roses and Gunpowder.—It is said that the Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion, by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

After the death of Farquhar, the celebrated dramatic writer, the following letter was found among his papers, addressed to Mr. Wilks, the actor;—

'DEAR BOB,—I have not any thing to leave thee, to perpetuate my memory, but two helpless girls—look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine.

'GEORGE FARQUHAR.'

It would not be doing justice to Mr. Wilks to conceal that this recommendation, which resembled the celebrated testament of Eudamidas, was duly regarded by him, and that when they became of an age to be put out into the world in business, he procured a benefit for each of them to supply the necessary resources.

Works published since our last notice.—Tarver's Literal Interpretation of Dante's Inferno, 2 vols. 21s. Manuale Medicum, 5s. Burnside's Theory of Composition, 4s. 6d. Murray's Bidcome Hill (poem), 7s. Miss Barber's Tales of Modern Days, 6s. Herve's Guide to Paris, 3rd edit. 10s. Highland Society Transactions, vol. 6, 24s. The Two Mothers, 5s. 6d. Poems for a Melancholy Hour, 5s. Memoirs of the Dufour Family, 4s.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

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Francisco shall have his wish.

The Crusader in an early number.

E. S. C.—y is under consideration.

We unintentionally omitted to state that the account of the Plymouth Institution, in our last, was copied from The Metropolitan Journal.

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